# The Seed Sower.

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## *The Paradox of Time.*

(A VARIATION ON RONSARD)

TIME goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, we go,
Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,
For youth were always ours?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface flee:
Alas, Time stays—we go!

Once, in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow;
Now, in the selfsame stage,
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say?—ah no!

Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song,
To praise your "rose" and "snow";
My bird, that sung, is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas, Time stays—we go!

See, in what traversed ways,
What backward Fate delays,
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires—
Ah, where those vanquished fires?
Times goes, you say?—ah no!

How far, how far, O Sweet,
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold hands and pray;
Alas, Time stays—we go!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## *The Garibaldi Centenary.*

1807—1907.

(From an address delivered on Sunday evening, July 7th, 1907.)

"*Let us now praise famous men.*"—Ecclesiasticus.

THE Rev. Rufus Lyon, minister of the Independent Chapel, Malt-houseyard, and one of the sweetest characters painted in George Eliot's great gallery, was roughly criticised because, instead of confining his illustrations to Biblical names and events, he sometimes travelled into modern life to find a hero, an example, or a warning. In one place he says:—"I have had much blame cast upon me because I have uttered such names as Brougham and Wellington in the pulpit. Why not Wellington as well as Rabshekah? and why not Brougham as well as David? Does God know less of men than he did in the days of Hezekiah and Moses? Is his arm shortened and his world become too wide for his Providence?"

No, a modern Bible is being written in which there are heroes every whit as noble as those of the Old Testament, and in which the saints are not less pure and fair, true and tender, than any in apostolic days. It needs no apology for speaking to-night of Garibaldi, a hero as worthy of the world's admiration as Moses or Hezekiah; a hero, who like them, delivered a land and people

out of bondage, and made the history of a nation. As one of the great instruments in the foundation of character is the admiration of greatness and goodness in others, it is well for us to keep alive the memory of a man like Garibaldi. It is said that the other day at Eton a class of 100 boys being asked "Who was Garibaldi?" not one could reply. It is a calamity when the memory of a great man fades away. Fifty years ago all Europe rang with his name, and when he visited England the whole nation seemed to turn out to greet him. For his was a singularly attractive character. I find in Garibaldi much that reminds one of the fascinating figure of David: there is the same youthful beauty, the same magnificent courage, the same element of romance and chivalry, the same and more wonderful hair-breadth escapes from the enemy, the same dash and skill in battle, and without any shameful crime in the background, for ever a shadow on the soul, as in the case of the earlier chieftain. Garibaldi, like David, was a born king of men, wonderfully gifted and exquisitely organised, with marvellous personal charm so that men loved him almost as they love women. There was in him, indeed, as in David, a feminine as well as a masculine vein, a passionate tenderness, a keen sensibility, a vast capacity of sympathy, so that tens of thousands who had little of his beauty, courage, and genius, felt the magnetism of his personality. And he endeared himself to his countrymen by making one of the greatest personal sacrifices ever recorded in history. When he might have made himself ruler of the Two Sicilies, he handed the crown over to another that Italy might be united under one Government.

In the early part of the 19th century, three boys were growing up in Italy who were destined to give their country "another heart and other impulses"—Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. In a noble poem, published in last Monday's *Times*, George Meredith calls these three the brain, the soul, and the sword of Italian freedom and Italian unity. All honour to them for these three made Italy's resurrection part of the imperishable and international poetry of Europe.

The different ways in which they served Italy may be illustrated by a story from the childhood of each. Cavour had the instinct of law and order, Mazzini the instinct of sympathy, and Garibaldi the instinct of swift, decisive action.

When Cavour was about six years old he was taken on a posting journey. On one stage of the journey the horses were unusually poor and miserable. The little boy asked who was responsible for the horses. He was told it was the postmaster. He asked who appointed the postmaster. He was told it was the Syndic. He demanded at once to be taken to the Syndic to get the postmaster dismissed.

Mazzini as a child was very delicate. When six years old he went for a walk with his mother. For the first time he saw a beggar, a venerable old man. He stood transfixed, then broke from his mother, threw his arms about the beggar's neck and kissed him, crying, "Mother, give him something." "Love him well, lady," said the aged man, "he is one who will love the people."

Garibaldi, who was not delicate like Mazzini, but robust, and from the first a great swimmer, at about the same age, walking with a cousin, halted on the edge of a deep ditch used for steeping hemp, where a poor woman was washing clothes. "How it happened," he says, "I do not know, but she fell head foremost into the water and was in danger of drowning. Though only a small boy I jumped in after her and succeeded in pulling her out." He adds, "In other years I have never shrunk from helping any fellow-creature in danger, even at the risk of my own life." This old woman was in fact the first of sixteen persons Garibaldi saved from drowning in the course of his life.

Such were the boys who were to be the saviours of Italy.

Garibaldi was born on July 4, 1807. His father was a ship's captain, and naturally the boy took to the sea. At 18 we find him afloat, and at 24 a full-blown and certificated captain. By that time he had gone through adventures enough to fill three ordinary lives. The sea was the real school of Garibaldi; it was there that he was drilled to endure every hardship and that his qualities as a man of

actions and resource were trained. In those days, in those waters, the sailor-life was full of romance. His ship traded in the Levant at the time of the Greek war of independence, "among old historic tyrannies cruel as fate, and new born hopes for liberty fresh and clear as the morning." In those waters he was thrice captured by pirates. Every now and then he found himself fighting with and for the insurgents. There he caught, not from books but from men, the passion for freedom, and had burned into his heart the creed of Byron—that it is better to die for freedom than to live a slave. There it was that love for his own land and people first seized him. Italy was not then a nation, but, as a cynical statesman observed, a mere "geographical expression." It was cut up into a number of little kingdoms ruled over by petty tyrants, and all trembling under the black shadow of Austria. It was in the Levant that young Garibaldi first met Italian patriots, exiles, who taught him that he too had a country, and that she was a prisoner in chains. Then it came home to him that he, too, had a nationality to fight for, a sacred cause to espouse. Italy, from a name, became an object of adoration. Henceforth he was a man devoted, consecrated to a great and absorbing purpose. Italy first, Italy last, always Italy. Not till the day of his death did his zeal and love once falter.

So at 25 years of age he joined an association, founded by Mazzini, called "Young Italy," whose great objects were the independence, the freedom, and the unity of Italy. To Mazzini Garibaldi owed much. That lofty soul touched and kindled the soul of the young sailor. The cruelties of the rulers of the various petty kingdoms, duchies, states, and governments are now almost incredible. Suspects against the reigning order were treated as the old Spanish inquisitors treated heretics. Liberalism was a political offence. Spies and priests were everywhere. It had long been considered an offence in young Mazzini that "he walked by himself at night absorbed in thought." The Governor of Genoa had complained of it to his father, saying, "We don't like young people thinking without knowing the subject of their thoughts." "Young Italy" began to conspire. Mazzini and Garibaldi imagined that the time was ready for an uprising. But they were mistaken; the effort quickly frizzled out, and both had to leave the country. In their absence they were condemned to death, and for the next fourteen years Garibaldi was an exile in South America. There he gained experience in guerilla warfare, fighting as a volunteer for more than one of those stormy republics, and all unconsciously fitting himself for leadership at home.

On his return to Italy in 1848, with a few followers devoted like himself to Italian deliverance, he found a surprising state of affairs. All over Italy the people were rising. The Pope had fled from Rome, and in that imperial and papal city Mazzini had proclaimed the Republic. Threatened by the French who vowed that Rome should never become an Italian city, Mazzini called in Garibaldi to its defence. Five months the Republic lasted, and then fell, after a most heroic resistance, overwhelmed by numbers. Garibaldi determined to withdraw his band from Rome into the open country, there to continue the fight. As he left the city he addressed a vast crowd in ever memorable words:—"Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions. I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart, and not with his lips only, follow me." Was ever such an offer made before?

Garibaldi left Rome with an army of 4,000 men, intending to fight his way to Venice, where the people had risen against the hated Austrians. But it was not to be. Half his men deserted in a few days. All along he was fighting a losing battle. All the hunters were out to catch the lion. In Tuscany and the Papal States alone there were some 30,000 French, 12,000 Neopolitans, 6,000 Spanish, 15,000 Austrians who had no other enemy to contend with, and no other operation on hand but the capture of Garibaldi. His band of followers gradually dwindled—killed

starved, captured, disheartened, until he himself was left alone. Yet in the mountainous country he found among the peasants and shepherds many friends, who sheltered him, passed him on from place to place amid incredible dangers, until after many weary months he finally escaped his pursuers. But the year 1849, in spite of its crushing defeats, was in fact a turning point in Italian history. The whole Peninsula had learned to admire, love, and trust the simple-minded leader in the red shirt. The movement for freedom was never wholly checked again. And in every stage of that movement Garibaldi's was the leading spirit. No one could rouse enthusiasm like he. Literally he forced Victor Emanuel and his cabinet into taking possession, bit by bit, of re-captured Italy. Who can ever forget the story of that Sicilian campaign, with its legion of red-shirted volunteers, only a thousand strong, who landing there under Garibaldi, carried everything before them, winning battle after battle, until the great leader was made Dictator of a kingdom numbering ten million souls. Or the romantic entry into the city of Naples, Garibaldi, with only a dozen of his friends to accompany him, riding in at one end, while King Ferdinand rode out in panic at the other. The guns of the castle were turned on the great corso up which Garibaldi rode, and the soldiers stood by ready to fire, but not a shot came. For the whole population of half-a-million had turned out to welcome their deliverer from hateful tyranny. Or think of that other scene when Garibaldi, having summoned Victor Emanuel to come and take possession of this conquered kingdom and complete the unification of Italy, rode out to meet him, resigned the Dictatorship, laid this unsurpassed gift at the feet of the King, and passed into the background, not a penny the richer, without title or thanks. For he had won the two Sicilies against all the influence of the court; the King, although willing to profit by it if it succeeded, would not sanction the attempt; the cabinet openly threw every obstacle in the way; but Garibaldi knew that the hour had come to strike a decisive blow. Only instead of setting up, as he might have done, an independent republic, with himself as President, he gave it all over to the King that Italy might be united.

* * * * * *

He and Mazzini offer the most splendid instance Europe has ever seen of simple-minded, chivalrous, absolutely disinterested devotion to the cause of national freedom. They can scarcely be considered apart. The rulers of the earth hated and feared them, set a price on their heads, strove a thousand times to compass their death. But their own countrymen, the common people, vineyard dressers, shepherds, sailors, peasants, and above all, the ardent youth of Italy, loved them, idolised them, and enabled them to accomplish more than they had dreamed possible. They lived and died in poverty. Yet in one of his letters Garibaldi shrewdly and quaintly writes:—"I have never been poor because I have always known how to conform to circumstances. During my sojourn in the American Republics, when I possessed only one shirt on and one shirt off, which I kept under my saddle, even as when I was Dictator of the two Sicilies." These almost superhuman heroes were sometimes betrayed; statesmen whom they trusted proved as broken reeds—yet they never faltered. They had a simple, lofty creed: God and Duty, Italy and her freedom, the people and their uplifting. Each sacrificed himself a thousand times for the one cherished object.

The name of Garibaldi is a household word all over Italy as the hero of heroes, a tender, lion-heart, a lover of his kind, and his statue is to be found in most of the cities. When he died Italy was free and united, and King Victor could say that the "first of Italians has passed away."

"Earth gave him; blessed by the earth that gave;
"Earth's Master crowned his honest work on earth.
"Proudly Italia names his place of birth;
"The bosom of Humanity, his grave."*

JOSEPH WOOD.

* See the noble poem by George Meredith in the *Times* of July 1st.

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# Order of Confirmation and Communion Service.

**(Several times lately the Editor has been consulted with regard to Confirmation Services and the method of conducting them. For the information of friends he submits the Order of Service which has met with acceptance in two of our Churches.)**

*The ordinary service should be followed as far as the Scripture lesson and the Te Deum.*

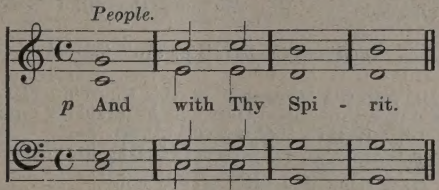
*The Minister will then address the Candidates for Confirmation, after which the following hymn of Consecration will be sung.*

"Take my life and let it be," etc.

*Then shall be said or sung by the Minister and People, all standing, the following Responses:—*

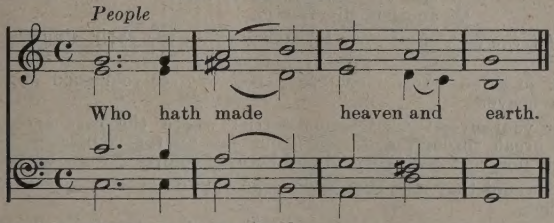
*Minister.*—The Lord be with you.

*People.*



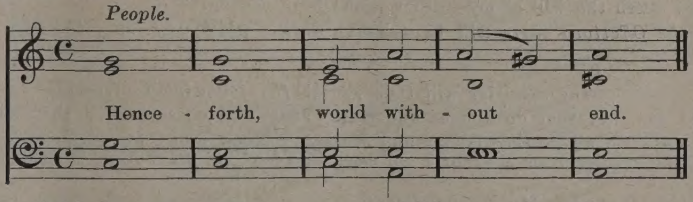

*Minister.*—Our help is in the name of the Lord.

*People*



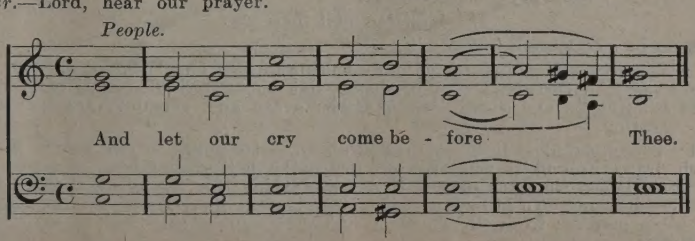

*Minister.*—Blessed be the name of the Lord.

*People.*




*Minister.*—Lord, hear our prayer.

*People.*



*Then shall the Minister say the following prayers, all kneeling:—*

Almighty and ever-living God, the Father of our spirits, strengthen, we beseech Thee, these Thy servants in their holy purpose; hear the vows of consecration made in the secret place of every heart: enable them to be true-hearted disciples of Jesus Christ: daily increase in them Thy manifold gifts of grace, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of love and meekness, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness. Guide and help them in all the days that are to come, that they may be faithful to the inspiration of this holy hour, and that by the living bond of obedience and charity, they may be united to Thee and to Thy beloved Son. Amen.

Defend, O Lord, these Thy children with Thy heavenly grace, that they may continue Thine for ever, and may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until they come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Continually renew and strengthen their holy desire and purpose, that they may not be parted from Thee by any discouragements or temptations. May they daily grow in all goodness of life, and may the mind be in them which was also in Christ Jesus. Amen.

*Then the Candidates all standing, the Minister shall take the hand of every one severally, saying:*

I welcome thee, A. B., into the fellowship of this Church. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

*The following hymn shall then be sung:—*

Hast thou, mid life's earthly noise,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime? etc.

*The offertory for the poor shall then be taken, whlie the choir sing the following offertory sentences:—*

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth: where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets.

Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

*After the Offertory there will be a pause, during which any can retire who desire to do so.*

---

*The Minister will then repeat the following sentences:—*

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

*The Minister shall then say:—*

"This do in remembrance of Me."

We are met to freshen and revive our remembrance of One, beloved of God, who suffered much, who lived in poverty and died in shame, but whose faithful, beautiful soul moves us all to love and admiration, and whose life and spirit, grace and example, are still the power of God unto salvation.

Christ lives as the ideal in every disciple's soul. His image in our hearts is the centre of light which draws around it whatever we feel to be holiest and best. In our thoughts He stands for the highest that has opened to our conception, for the life and mind which attract our noblest aspirations. To have His spirit, to triumph, like Him, over temptation; to live, like Him, a life of love; to dwell, like Him, in the thought of God; this is our wish, our ambition, our thirst.

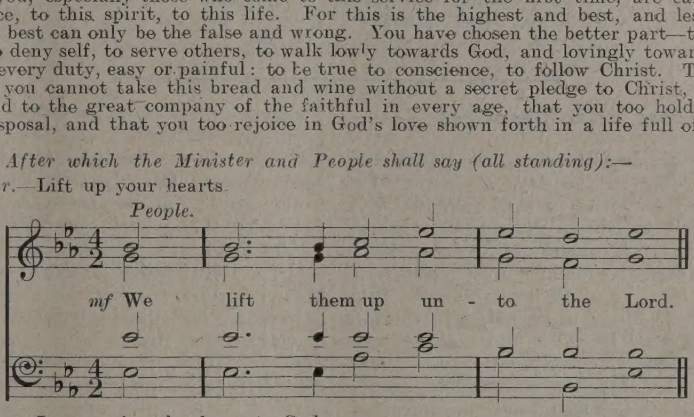
It is a simple fact which no one of whatever creed disputes, that Christ has been and is still the soul of Christendom; that to His life we go back to recover our ideal of Christianity; that wheresoever we meet any good thought or deed, any love of child or friend, any fidelity to truth, and lowly self-denial, there we touch a hand that is vanished, then we hear a voice that is still. It is the hand, it is the voice of Christ. We do well to remember Him; to remember Him in special ways, and on set occasions, that we may remember Him the better in every-day life.

All of you, especially those who come to this service for the first time, are called to this remembrance, to this spirit, to this life. For this is the highest and best, and less than the highest and best can only be the false and wrong. You have chosen the better part—to be simply obedient, to deny self, to serve others, to walk lowly towards God, and lovingly towards men; to be loyal to every duty, easy or painful: to be true to conscience, to follow Christ. This is your choice, and you cannot take this bread and wine without a secret pledge to Christ, and to one another, and to the great company of the faithful in every age, that you too hold yourselves at God's disposal, and that you too rejoice in God's love shown forth in a life full of grace and truth.

*After which the Minister and People shall say (all standing):—*

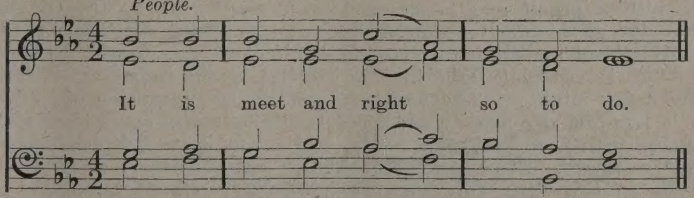
*Minister.*—Lift up your hearts.

*People.*




*Minister.*—Let us give thanks unto God.

*People.*




*Minister.*—Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name; evermore praising Thee and saying:—

*Choir only.*—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most high. Amen.

*Minister (all kneeling):—*

Most holy and most merciful God, we would draw near to Thee in the spirit of Jesus Christ, and yield ourselves to the influence of his gospel. We would remember our Master, the gracious beauty of his life, his obedience unto death, his world-wide charity, his victory over sin and sorrow. We would thank Thee for all we owe to him, our greater nearness to Thee and to one another, our better knowledge of Thy Fatherhood and our human brotherhood, our new and more abounding life, our deeper and more peaceful sense of immortality. Impress and quicken our hearts with the memory of Christ, till we learn to feel it to be no task to serve him, no hardship to follow him in his obedience, and no burden to carry his cross. Amen.

*Then shall the Minister, when he delivereth the bread, say these words of St. Paul:—*

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it and said, Take eat; this is My body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of Me.

Let us eat of this bread in remembrance of Christ; and may the life which was in Him, be in us also.

*When he delivereth the cup:—*

After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.

Let us drink of this cup in remembrance of Christ; and may His spirit of self-sacrificing love be our spirit.

HYMN. (Dean Stanley).

When the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell, etc.

BENEDICTION.

## Faces and Features.

THE Marquis de l'Etorrière, the handsomest man in France in the days of Louis XIV., was one day standing in a Church in Paris, when he felt somebody pushing him gently to one side. "A thousand pardons, M. le Marquis," said the man; "pray excuse me, and be so kind as to turn your face a little to the right. There is an artist in the gallery taking your likeness, and making signs to us. A lady's commission—you understand?" The Marquis, to whom a request for his portrait was by no means unpleasing, looked up as requested, and saw a man in the gallery with a pencil and paper, and accordingly, with good-humoured condescension, turned his head as directed and stood quite still. "It is enough," said his first friend, after a few minutes; "we need not trouble M. le Marquis any more"; and bowing profoundly, with profuse thanks, he disappeared in the crowd. The satisfaction of De l'Etorrière in this little adventure was diminished when, on putting his hand in his pocket, he found that his watch, snuff-box, and handkerchief, had been added to the *souvenirs* carried away by the adroit artist and his confederate.

Somewhat similar, we should think, must be the feelings of sundry eminent men of the day who have been speaking in the Houses of Parliament or displaying themselves in the Park or the Clubs—all, as they imagined, no doubt, in dignified and easy attitudes, the cynosures of admiring eyes—while at the time a wicked Italian has been taking them down in sketches which have been the amusement of London. We do not purpose to review the series of cartoons, wherein, with a little colour and a moderate amount of exaggeration, we are presented with likeness painfully suggestive of the fact that we English are a very ugly race, and indulge in the most ungainly attitudes ever known to mankind; but only to make a few remarks touching the science of Physiognomy, to which these now famous caricatures might form a useful series of illustrations. It is a science wherein everybody is more or less interested, but which, by some unexplained chance, seems hitherto to have made very little progress. The conventional types of countenance on the stage, or in pictures and statues, for example, are very generally false to all its principles. Nothing can surely be more absurd that to draw mighty saints and prophets, whose voices have shaken the earth, as if they were lanky, lop-sided creatures, fitting neatly into pointed lancet windows, and no less incapable of standing on their two feet than so many marionettes. Equally ridiculous is it to depict Cleopatra as Guido did, and the "Lady of Babylon" as Martin and nearly all other painters have done, as if they were Dutch *vrows*, or jovial dames, "fat, fair, or forty." Cleopatra, daughter of the Greek Lagidæ, a woman who lived in the storm of excitement and passion, could never have been fat. The slender actress, Rachel, worn out with her nervous temperament, was her fitting representative. And again, we must ask, who settled it that Lady Macbeth was a tall, bony, masculine woman? The ignorant man who did so had never beheld in his life one of those big, raw, worthy Scotchwomen, oppressed with conscientiousness, who are much more apt to worry their spouses to go to kirk and abandon whiskey-punch, than to murder their guests overnight. The real wife of the Thane of Cawdor (as constructed infallibly out of

our private moral consciousness) did not exceed five feet four in height, and had small bones, with remarkably delicate hands.

But leaving historical and dramatic personages, there is much to be learned of a practically useful sort in the study of the faces of those with whom we have to do. Virtues we most desire to find, vices we most urgently need to shun, are revealed to the acute eye at a glance, instead of being left to long experience to discover. True, we must not deem any fellow-creature a hopelessly false, or ill-tempered, or cruel person, because he, or she, bears the marks of those faults in crooked eyes, and drawn-down mouth, and hard-set chin. It is quite possible for a good man to conquer his besetting sin, and become even a pargon of the opposite virtue. But physiognomy assuredly affords us a warning of what those besetting temptations are, and a useful hint to seek some security that they have been vanquished. The old Romans said, "If you expel Nature with a pitchfork, she will come back again." We may at least feel that the quarter of natural propensity is the quarter whence danger is always to be apprehended. Lavater lays it down that a certain tinge of green in the eye marks fire and courage. It may be so, but some of the most fiery natures have iron-grey eyes, and green seems to mark cautious, jealous, original, and especially administrative qualitites. Brown eyes are true and kind; blue eyes soft, loving, and rather foolish. Worst of all are the small black-currant-like English eyes. Southern black eyes are beautiful, having always round the iris a broad line of rich neutral tint, which softens off the black against the bluish-white eyeball. But an English black eye is commonly as hard as a sloe, and indicates a disposition not much more sweet. There seems to be greater definiteness, however, in regard to the laws which determine the mobile, than the fixed, features of the countenance; the mobility itself being a most important mark of character. Look at those nostils, so thick and clumsily cut, which never move at all, and look at those others, so thin that the light nearly shines through, and which expand under any emotion almost like those of a horse—is there any doubt that the first belong to a cold temperament, and the latter to a warm and passionate one? Again, there is a horrible kind of mouth, with thin lips turned up in a perpetual smile—a mouth which may be seen to smile all across the street. There are people so stupid as actually to think such a feature indivative of good nature, whereas it is the very type of hypocrisy, and invariably to be met with among fanatics and Maw-worms.

A more curious fact is, that under the lower lip of every humorous person there is a little hollow or dimple. Never yet, we believe, has there been a witty man or woman with a hard, smooth chin. Similarly, the poetic temperament, as was verified by many observers in the National Portrait Exhibition, necessitates a certain looseness and freedom—almost a fleshiness, if we may so call it—about the muscles of both the upper and lower jaw. High breeding shews itself chiefly in our English race in the delicate curving of the mouth; indeed, this may be said to be the almost infallible mark of gentle blood wherever it exists among Celts or Teutons. Fine eyes are shared by all classes, and often displayed in their utmost loveliness by many a poor Irish peasant girl going shoeless to her country fair, while her bright blue cloudless orbs dance with innocent glee under their long dark lashes.

But these and other laws of physiognomy cannot be readily applied to other races than our own. To look at a Roman model, for instance, one would imagine that there stood before us, with those grand and massive features, those sculptured lips, and low, broad brows, beings elevated far above all our poor humdrum and mercenary cares; shepherds from Arcadia, or women like Jeptha's daughter. Their laughter must be the laughter of immortals, and their tears the stony rain from the eyes of agonized Niobe. But we should hardly find it so. A celebrated sculpturess, recently modelling from one of the most magnificent of them, was startled by the demand, "Would the Signora be assisted at her work if I were to weep?" "Why, you could'nt weep *to order*, could you?" asked the astonished lady. "To be sure I could, Signora," and down came

a thunder-shower over her cheeks in a moment, while she sobbed the explanation—"*Basta che penso à questo calzolajo che mi ha fatto pagare sette paoli per raccomodare i miei stivaletti!*" ("It is enough for me think of the cobler who has made me pay seven pauls for mending my boots!") Such is the woe of the divinities of the modern studio, and such the lessons to be derived from their classic physiognomy!

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

## Notes and Jottings.

THE Churches seem everywhere awakening to a new sense of their social responsibilities. This is probably due, in part, to the recurring challenge of men outside all the denominations. A fine fashion of criticising religious organisations—and mainly on the score of their social apathy—has definitely established itself. I suppose the superior critics manage by so doing to justify themselves in their own spiritual apathy and abstention from public worship and church affairs.

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It is, however, an ill wind that blows nobody any good. This bitter east wind of churlish complaint has exercised a bracing and stimulating influence. The taunts of super-exquisite men of the world that the Churches are only snug nests of comfort in which certain goody people or pious hypocrites indulge in hymn-singing and prayer-saying, and enjoy hearing anthems, looking at stained-glass windows, and listening or not listening to sermons, and then go out again feeling a nice emotional glow in their hearts—such taunts, however sordid and unjust, have had effect on the Churches.

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I do not myself believe that all or most of the people who go to public worship are indifferent to the cause of social reform. On the whole it remains true that the best life of the nation is still to be found within the circle of organised religion. There are, of course, active and earnest social reformers outside as well as inside the Churches, but I am convinced that by far the greater proportion of self-sacrificing workers on behalf of high ideals are within, not without. These believe in a Kingdom of Goodness; they love and revere Jesus Christ; they desire earnestly to see his spirit expressed in all the relations and activities of our ordinary life; they are inspired and sustained by their religion and recognise our human brotherhood as a necessary and inevitable corollary of their faith in God. Their hopes and ideals are not mere pretty pictures and fairy fancies, but vows and consecrations to the severest duty.

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Spite of all exceptions—and there are scandalous exceptions—the best employers, the most upright masters, those who stand for integrity in commercial life and shew care and concern for the workers, are mainly persons who attend places of worship and honestly try to put their Christianity into practice. And among the workers, even among those who do not "go to Church," there is—as Mr. Henderson, the Labour leader, is quoted in the last *Hibbert* as saying—"no evidence of a general desire . . . . to repudiate the principles of Christianity."

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Doubtless the Churches have not done all that they ought to do in keeping the cause of social reform before their members as an essential part of the religious life. The Churches are not perfect or immaculate. But neither are they cynically worldly, as their secularistic critics love to make out. Yet abuse and misrepresentation have not been without benefit. There is a soul of good even in these slanderous calumnies. The Churches—our own among them—are redoubling their efforts to silence these critics by works not by words. There is hardly a denomination to-day that has not a specially organised department for social service and for the study of social questions.

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At the meeting of our National Conference held last year at Oxford, this subject was raised for discussion, and a resolution was passed approving of the formation of a Union for Social Service. That Union has been duly organised, with the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed as President, and it was the first Summer School of this Union that was held at Oxford a few weeks ago.

It met under a shadow. One of its secretaries, Mr. B. Kirkman Gray, a man of rare social enthusiasm, died suddenly a few days before the meetings. This was a deep grief to all who had learned to love him. There was, moreover, the drawback that a great number of our ministers and laymen are about to go to the International Council at Boston, U.S.A., and could not spare the time or money to go up to Oxford. Indeed the occasion seemed so inconvenient and unpropitious that some of us expected the Summer School to turn out a failure, if not a complete fiasco. But to our great delight the meetings proved a striking and astonishing success.

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Unless I except the first meeting of the International Council, there has never been in my experience any series of meetings that gave me more hope and confidence in the essential vigour and vitality of our Churches. The numbers were small, though satisfactory for a first effort. Altogether some sixty representatives attended, but added to these were men and women resident in Oxford, and among them it was a great joy to welcome members of the staff and many students of Ruskin College.

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It was, however, not the mere numbers that impressed one so much as the strong and serious spirit, the deep earnest purpose of the gatherings, and the extraordinarily high level of the lectures and discussions. We had the rare privilege of sitting at the feet of the men and women *who know* from practical experience, who are in living contact with the naked social facts, and are besides experts and authorities in social methods and theories.

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It is hardly possible to single out for comment one address from many that were so excellent, and if I call special attention to Mr. Graham Wallas's utterance it is because its subject matter is so enormously important. I think all of us must have been strangely disturbed as he called up before us the vision of a huge mammoth non-rational democracy played upon and exploited by unscrupulous forces. The impressions I gathered from his lecture were these.

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The old classical school of political economy was based on the cheerful assumption that man was a thinking, rational animal, and that his actions were regulated and determined by a cold, clear, calculating regard for his personal interests. But this assumption was now exploded. The opinions according to which men ranged themselves on one side or the other were formed sub-consciously, and were not derived from any process of reasoning. Just as by advertisement, the perpetual reiteration of a commendatory phrase—blazed at us from hoardings, or shrieked at us from newspapers day by day and hour by hour—resulted in really conveying an opinion to the crowd quite independently of the merits of the thing advertised: so political opinions were unconsciously imbibed or soaked in from newspapers and pictorial posters, and the tittle-tattle of uninformed men.

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The psychology of crowds was being studied and skilfully applied by expert demagogues and agitators; votes were won, not by reasoning and argument addressed to the intellect, but by cartoons, caricatures, advertisements, and the sensational methods of unscrupulous journalism. The democracy was thus being treated, not as a thinking being, but as the plaything of non-rational, or sub-rational impulses, which were being deliberately organised by men trained in the profession of manufacturing "opinion" as distinct from well-based convictions. The lecturer described the helplessness of this blind, bewildered leviathan we call Democracy in a way that must have struck some terror into our hearts.

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Here was what Tennyson scornfully called "the many-headed beast." What was to be done with so powerful and terrible a being swayed about hither and thither by impulses and instincts like some giant imbecile? It was this non-rational democracy, so dull to thought, so alive to emotion, so dense to rea-

son, so sensitive to passion—it was this hulking, staggering mass that held the power of government. It was this creature, blind with folly and prejudice, that dictated who should rule the nations of the world. To hear democracy thus analysed and described by a man of great human sympathies and profound democratic convictions was, to say the least, disturbing. He communicated dread and fear to us as we listened. A formless, shapeless menace seemed to rise and confront us, and we waited for some word of guidance and hope.

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But it was only guardedly and cautiously given. He said that many thoughtful men like his own friend, Mr. H. G. Wells, sought help in Plato, who argued that the Athenian democracy could not be trusted with full political power, but that government should reside in a few trained experts. Mr. Wallas saw no hope in such a theory. In the modern world the consent of the people was absolutely necessary. If experts were to rule then the experts themselves would resort to the very methods of the professional demagogue. The position was thus grave and perilous in the extreme. Democracy was on trial. He saw no salvation except in somehow—how was the question—getting the people to feel a new sense of seriousness and responsibility in the exercise of the vote. We must cultivate what Aristotle called intellectual virtue—that chastity of intellect which would not prostitute the reason to the seductions of blind passion.

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If the Democratic experiment was to prove a success he believed there must be first a religious change from the coarse appeals of orthodox emotionalism to a stern submission to fact and a passionate devotion to truth—a passion not against reason, but for reason. If Christianity could not give rise to these austerer virtues of the intellectual and rational order, then Christianity would have to go. Perhaps the most hopeful spot on earth was Japan, with its self-discipline, self-control, and self-sacrifice. He looked finally to the submission of the whole man, feeling as well as thinking, to the patient toil of reason, the slow close application to the fact, by which alone we can minister to and interpret nature.

The address was one of the most powerful arguments for political reflection and political seriousness that I have ever heard. It was the very spirit and vindication of the cause that brought us together to take counsel on these great problems of social destiny. The National Conference Union for Social Service has thus been well started, and there can be no doubt that it will infuse a deeper and more earnest life into our Churches and grow rapidly in power and influence.

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

## The Charm of Fairy Tales.

In a little hut in the middle of a forest sits an old woman, cowering over the fire. Her nose and chin nearly meet; she leans on an ebony stick, and she mutters wicked spells to herself. For is she not a witch, and does she not know that the young lovers are coming towards her through the tangled wood, the princess just escaped from her wicked step-mother's power, with her bold, handsome, fearless lover? How should the poor young thing suspect that every step leads her nearer to that wicked stepmother, and that she herself will speedily be transformed into a bird, restless in its golden cage, until her prince shall have undergone three cruel tests imposed on him by the old hag, each test more difficult than the last, until we begin to tremble lest he should be baffled this time.

But—oh joy! it is the witch who is destined to be baffled, and the young lovers who live for ever after in even more perfect happiness than before.

In this "mingled yarn of good and evil" which we call life, where happiness has shadows lurking in the background, and shadows may at any moment turn into happiness, what can be more refreshing and satisfying than such a confirmation of our desire that happiness

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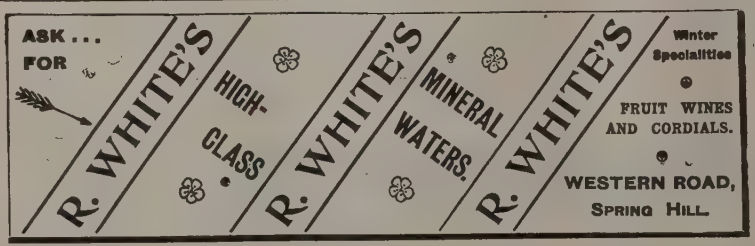

may prove to be "the last word?" The charm of a fairy-tale is grounded firmly on a perennial wish in the human heart that the good may prove the perennial element in life, the evil the transient factor, destined to defeat and overthrow. When we are children we believe this; when we are young and in love we would fain believe it; when we are old, we believe it again, with infinite tenderness and joy, if we have lived in such a manner that we "see God's hand through a lifetime," and know that evil, though real and powerful, cannot resist the strength and faithfulness of love. Consequently fairy tales have an undying appeal to all three ages; but besides this deeper way in which they satisfy the natural instinct of the heart, they feed that love of the merely marvellous—that passion for the unknown which caused the old "sea-dogs" to set their prows towards the uttermost parts of the earth—a love which is able to keep us children at heart all through our lives. To some, "the fairy-tales of science" seem to supply this need, though minds differ, and the child I knew best used bitterly to resent the idea that what actually happens—such as the crystallisation of moisture on a window pane—could possibly be as interesting as the story of a good fairy flying through the air in a chariot horsed by griffins, or a white cat whose pretty little head has to be cut off before she can turn into the lovely princess who sets everything right again.

I think there is a true instinct in this feeling of the child, for as long as we are human beings our highest prerogative is to feel that "a man's grasp should exceed his reach," and that what cannot be comprehended is more dear to us than all which we can analyse and recognise and touch.

So let us continue to like fairy-stories and to encourage the clear-seeing souls of children in their love of them. They existed in the childhood of the world, and they will continue to exist in its maturity and its old age, since the soul of man has that spark of the Divine in it which makes it realise that "wonders can never cease."

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

# For the Children.

## *Hymns for Children.*

### I.—MORNING SONG.

THE little birds waken
The drowsy flowers;
From bright cups are shaken
The dew in showers;
The daisy is winking
Its bright little eye;
The lily is thinking,
How sleepy am I!

From his eastern portal
Is climbing the sun,
To gladden each mortal
Till work shall be done.
In his southern mansion
At noon he takes rest,
Then, with bright expansion,
Slow sinks in the west.

The bees are high busy,
They soar round the tip
Of flowers till they're dizzy,
And then pause and sip.
The butterflies hover
In indolent joy,
Why should they discover
A better employ?

The fledgling is trying
His wings near the nest;
The swallow is flying,
No creature takes rest;
Then let us be doing
The best that we may,
The bright hours are going
Of work and of play.

### II.—EVENING SONG.

Close, little weary eyes,
The day at last is over,
To-night no more surprise
Shall they discover.
Nor bird nor butterfly,
Nor unfamiliar flower;
Nor picture in the sky,
Nor fairy in the bower!

Rest, little weary feet,
The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet,
The owl is watching only:
No buttercup is seen,
Nor daisy in the meadow;
Their gold and white and green
Are turned to purple shadow!

Fold, little busy hands,
Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
The mill-wheels are not going

Within the darksome mine
Are hushed the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
The cock witholds his clamour.

Still, little restless heart,
Be still until the morrow;
Then thou hast no part
In either joy or sorrow.
To new and joyous day
Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
With strength renewed, betake thee!

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

## The Bournville Children's Festival.

[*"Bournville" is the model village or "Garden City," near Birmingham, the result of the efforts of Mr. George Cadbury to solve the housing problem. Residence in the village is not confined to employés, in fact only forty per cent. of the inhabitants are workpeople at the well-known chocolate factory. The management is in the hands of a "Village Trust." All income from house and ground rents, etc., is received and administered by the Trustees for the extension of the "Garden City" Movement. Bournville is going steadily forward every year. The population is now nearly 3,000. The houses, which are of different design with beautiful gardens attached, number about 600. An eager application is made for them by people living in and around Birmingham. From every point of view the enterprise has proved most satisfactory. The town-dweller, after a visit to the village, comes away with envious feelings!*]

It was my good fortune to attend the "Children's Festival" at Bournville on Saturday, July 13th, and I have been asked to give some account of it. I did not know until afterwards that my impressions were to receive the dignity of print, and as I sit, dipping my pen into the ink, and trying to think what will be of interest to the "Gentle Reader," the moral of the old story, "Eyes and No-Eyes," comes home to me as it has never done before!

Imagine you are at the Athletic Grounds on the Bournville Estate. In the centre is a wide stretch of turf, as green and level as the traditional billiard table. Round the grass runs a cycle-track; on one side is a handsome pavilion, on the other the open-air baths. Indeed, there seems to be everything the most enthusiastic athlete could desire, so well appointed are the grounds. And all this lies amid beautiful surroundings. Everywhere one can see the trees and flowers, which are quite a feature of the "model village."

To-day the Bournville children, 600 in number, are holding their 5th Annual Festival. Over 3,000 spectators gather together on the seats near the railings, or struggle to maintain lofty, but very insecure, positions, on the green embankments which slope sharply up behind. Many of the crowd are of course parents and relatives of the juvenile performers; for the Festival, I was told, is looked on as quite a Bournville "family party!" One can see the fond mother proudly watching her children as they trip round the May Pole. She frequently grows enthusiastic, and her neighbours within earshot are treated to fragments of her children's biographies. Indeed, they *are* wonderful children—the cleverest on the field! There is the proud father, not quite so demonstrative, but none the less watching eagerly his small son during the "Wand Drill." He frequently removes his pipe from his lips, and we hear him mutter, "Well, 'e's a good 'un!" And there is the old grandmother, long past the allotted three-score years and ten. Her grandchildren are taking part in the "Skipping Rope" dance, and as she gazes over the field many expressions flit across her face. Sometimes she looks a little sad, as if she were wishing she could be young again. But evidently she soon comforts herself with the thought that once upon a time she too had danced as nimbly, nay more so, for of course, nothing is ever done as well now-a-days as in the "good-old-times!" These, however, are the spectators, and what about the performers. They are the children of the people who live on the Bournville estate. Six hundred of them are entertained to tea, and 250 of them join in the games and sports. Moreover, the old folk who are quietly ending their days in the Alms Houses are not forgotten, for they are hospitably entertained along with the younger generation. No one is allowed to feel neglected at Bournville!

But essentially it is a day set aside for the children, and right well do they enjoy it. In their pretty white frocks, a number of little girls dance round the May Pole, weaving the coloured ribbons into different patterns. They have been well-trained, and they never seem to make a mistake, although the intricacy of their movements would puzzle many an adult. The band plays, "Come, lassies and lads, get leave of your Dads, and away to the May Pole hie," and round and round they go, winding in and out, waltzing, tripping lightly on their toes, weaving lovely patterns with their coloured ribbons at the top of the May Pole. At last, and all too soon, their share of the programme is finished, and away they run in one long single file, while we turn and murmur to each other, "*Wasn't* it pretty!" Then another party of little girls show us how to dance with the "Skipping Rope." They too have had careful training, and their feet are always off the ground just at the moment when that awkward "skipping-rope" seems likely to trip them up. They receive their share of applause and retire, breathless, but happy. Following the "skipping-rope" dance is an exhibition of "Wand Drill" by a large number of boys. Led by their instructor, they march solemnly on to the field with heads erect and chest well out. Some of them remind one of the Retired Colonel, who was so very erect in his walk that he actually *leaned back*! Hitherto we have seen what the Bournville children can show us in gracefulness and agility. Now we are to witness muscle "in the making," and very sturdy little boys they are. The exercises are wonder-

fully well done. A long series of difficult and complicated movements is gone through almost as if the performers were miniature machines, instead of mere boys who often cannot keep two consecutive instructions in their heads.

After tea it is quite in keeping with current custom that we should be treated to a children's "Pageant," or at any rate a "Fairy Play." It is called the "Fairy Ring," and the open green forms the stage, with just a framework of canvas to serve as a background. In the centre lies a magic ring made of leaves. Should any mortal step inside it he is imprisoned by enchantment. Walter Wagtail, a schoolboy, who doesn't believe in Fairies, rashly leaps into the magic circle, in spite of the warnings of his sister Cissie, and the appeals of his school-mates. Of course, he finds it impossible to get out again. Cissie nobly resolves to share his imprisonment; she takes her place by his side, and the first act concludes with a "Farewell" chorus from their school friends. Then the fairies arrive—King Oberon, Queen Mab, Puck, and Bluebella. Puck is a mischievous sprite, and now that he has mortals in his power, is anxious to torment them. But the good fairy Bluebella pleads for pardon, Puck is discomfited, Walter and Cissie are disenchanted, and all ends happily.

After the play come the Sports. These, however, I missed, but I had seen quite enough to know that children living in such healthy surroundings must be creditable athletes. Yet there are children in the slums only two or three miles away who scarcely ever see the fields!

It was a wholly delightful afternoon, and as I returned to Birmingham I felt that if the good fairy Bluebella could grant me two "wishes," I would wish—Firstly, that once a year I might be a child again; and Secondly, that I might live at Bournville!

C. M. WRIGHT.

## News from the Field.

OUR record of ministerial changes last month was brief, but this month will tell a different story.

The *Rev. E. W. Sealey, M.A.*, has been welcomed as the minister of the New Mission Congregation at *Blackburn*; *Mr. Thomas Graham*, of Todmorden, has been appointed Missionary at *Bristol*; the *Rev. D. R. Davies* has accepted a call to *Rawtenstall*; *Rochdale* is to have the services of *Rev. John Evans, B.A.*; the *Rev. A. Golland, M.A.*, is going to *Newport, Mon.*; *Mr. McMullen*, from the Home Missionary College, is to be minister at *Swinton*; and *Sunderland* and *South Shields* are jointly to have the services of the *Rev. W. Lindsay*, of Nottingham.

Farewell presentations showing good-will and appreciation have been made to *Rev. W. L.* and *Mrs. Tucker*, at *Stamford Street, London*; and to *Rev. H. S. Solly, M.A.*, at *Bridport*.

The *Rev. H. J. Rosington, M.A., B.D.*, has been duly installed in the *First Congregation, Belfast*, and has begun his important work there.

In addition to these things we have to report the resignation of *Mr. Delta Evans*, at *Southend*; and, most regretfully, in consequence of a breakdown in health of the *Rev. S. H. Street, B.A.*, of *Bell Street Mission, London*.

There may have been other changes of moment, but they are unknown to us as we write.

We turn therefore to other things it is needful to note.

Our Colleges at *Oxford*, *Manchester*, and *Carmarthen* have had meetings at the close of their sessions, and presented good accounts of work done, honours gained, and judicious addresses by visitors and preachers, and each institution, while recording its story of the past, goes forward hopefully toward a larger future. And the school at *Willaston* has a Speech Day, which tells of good work, and tells of the opportunities it offers to the growing boys of the well-to-do families of our people. The sons of most of our ministers are all but necessarily excluded by the heaviness of the financial burden that its terms would lay upon them. Perhaps better plans will be worked out soon so that the sons of the manse may have a better chance.

The *Remonstrant Synod of Ulster* and the *Non-Subscribing Association* have been holding their meetings in *Belfast*. While they had no brilliant record to make of work done, or of new congregations established, they report the steady life at their centres, and their aim at a wider and more vital organisation of their forces so that the future may see better things than those reported in the past. It is notable that Englishmen are, one by one, taking possession of the Irish pulpits, and that the supply of Irish students is by no means so large as could be desired. But there will be a tidal change soon.

The *Yorkshire Union*, the *Eastern Union*, and the *Midland Christian Union* have held meetings at *Leeds*, *Norwich*, and *Dudley*, and have shown how alive they are to the interests of the districts under their care. The *Rev. Joseph Wood* was at *Norwich*, and stirred up the Assemblies there with his wise zeal and fresh suggestiveness

The four *Vans* are going their rounds in various parts of *England* and *Scotland*. Even in the bad weather they, for the larger part of their time, and in new and hitherto virgin districts, secured good audiences, with here and there a failure, and have interested many who before had never heard our good news, in the tidings our preachers had to deliver. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that seed has been sown which may bring forth unexpected harvests. No one will grudge a hearty word of praise to the missioners and ministers who are doing this pioneer work.

At *Windermere* and *Harrogate* summer services are being held, so that holiday friends may have the opportunity of meeting together for worship while they are away from their own homes and churches. This is good and useful work, and should meet with substantial success.

Our friends in the *United States* at last are seeing the necessity of publishing in their entirety the works of that great leader of men who grew up in their midst, *Theodore Parker*. *Miss Power Cobbe* enabled the English public years ago to have a fine edition of his noble utterances, and now there is a promise that something better still shall be done in America. Many on this side of the ocean will welcome the new and complete edition with great delight.

*Miss Petzold's* visit to *Berlin*, which she has told so graphically in the columns of the *Inquirer*, ought to lead to good results. She will have to go back again through the door she has so effectually opened and be a leader in the great reformation for a larger theological freedom than exists at present in Germany. In that great race there is, as yet, far greater freedom of thought than of speech, and Miss Petzold has set an example of free speech which will assuredly be followed.

Though it lies somewhat out of the scope set for ourselves in these columns, we cannot pass by without note the honours which were conferred on the occasion of the King's Birthday. Three, at least, of our well-known laymen have been chosen for distinction. *Sir James Kitson* has been raised to the *Peerage*, *Mr. W. B. Bowring* has become a *Baronet*, and *Mr. A. M. Carlisle*, of Belfast, has received the distinction of a *Privy Counsellor*. These are signs of the times, and tell of the great change which has come over the government of this country. At least it has become evident that identification with our cause and principles do not disqualify from the offer and acceptance of distinctions in the State.

Titles and distinctions, good though they may be, do not of necessity bring grist to our mill. The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association*, doing a large and ever-enlarging work, is appealing for funds—funds greatly needed. Veteran givers die, and resources dwindle in consequence, but living organisations need sustaining by living food, and the younger generation among us must more than rise to the level of their fathers, or good work will be checked, and noble enterprises held back. We must keep up our fine record so that no good cause shall be allowed to starve, and no workers have their hands stayed because there are none to help. "On to ever better things" must be our motto.

We need a larger bunch of forget-me-nots this month than we laid upon honoured memories when last we wrote. Brave, noble, and consecrated workers and thinkers have passed away from us, and our hearts are sorrowful because we shall see them amongst us no more. On our roll of honour we place names like the following, of all of whom, had we time and space, loving and appreciative words might be spoken. But we can only set them forth in honour and distinction:—*Joshua Crook*, of *Bolton*; *A. W. Worthington*, of *Stourbridge*; *Kirkman Gray*, of *Letchford*; *F. Heilborn*, of *Bradford*; *Samuel Taylor*, of *Ashton-under-Lyne*; *Peter Bibby*, of *Burnley*; and along with them a band of noble women—*Mrs. H. C. Briggs*, of *Leeds*; *Mary Chattaway*, of *Leicester*; *Mrs. H. Greenhalgh*, of *Accrington*; *Mrs. Jenkins*, of *Cribyn*; Miss *Clark*, of *Norwich*; *Mrs. Haylings*, of *Broughton*; and *Mrs. Rankin*, of *Kirkcubbin*. Of each tender and appreciative words might be spoken and will be spoken by many who have loved and honoured those who have passed away, and left a splendid record behind them—but here we can only say they will be a source of inspiration and uplifting to many whom they have left behind to carry on their good work and maintain their high standard of nobleness and purity.

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